

School for Housewives

by Marion Harland

Salads and Various Dressings



Mrs. Sterling's Ways. No. XII.

"DO wish!"
The speaker was Mrs. White, and her tone was plaintive to petulance.

"I do wish somebody would tell me, once for all and authoritatively, whether it is the business of the cook or of the waitress to make the salad dressing! There is a continual squabble between my maids on this head, with the result that I do it myself when I wish to make sure of having it good."

Mrs. Sterling was sympathetic, but not authoritative. "The manuals which assume to post inexperienced housewives upon minor as well as major points of domestic ethics and etiquette—below stairs as well as up—agree that the expert waitress should account it her duty to compound mayonnaise and other salad dressings. My cook prefers to make them herself, and the waitress graciously allows her the privilege."

The Queen of Salad Dressings.
"Before we proceed to the discussion of the question before the house may I, as a humble learner, ask how to pronounce the name of the queen of salad dressings?" interposed Mrs. Martin.

"Am I to say 'may-on-naise' or 'may-onnais'?"

"My waitress, whom the cook permits to exercise her legitimate office, calls it 'may-on-nay,'" chimed in Mrs. Gray, merrily. "That is, when she has but one to compound. She puts 'mayonnaise' in the plural number."

"Why not?" said the laughing hostess. "It is a historical fact that a certain lord mayor of London spoke in his post-banquet speech of the last day of Parliament." As to our mayonnaise—I had pronounced the first syllable 'may' ever since the delicacy came into fashion. It was unknown by name when I was young. But my daughter challenged this one of 'mother's ways' the other day, and we called in the testimony of such stable rocks of philology as our biggest dictionaries. I was worsted, and by my best ally, which says, unequivocally, 'ma-on-az'—a as in fate. Furthermore, it backs up the decision by a learned quotation showing that the word is a perversion of 'Mayonnaise,' the famous compound, owning 'Bayonne,' in France, as its birthplace. Therefore, I say, henceforward, 'mayonnaise.' My pet vanity is my complacency in the fact that I am not too old to learn new tricks and other manners."

"Yet 'French dressing' is not a may—I beg pardon, a may-on-naise!" objected Mrs. Brown.

Mayonnaise and French Dressing.

"No; and the French prefer the simpler dressing for green salads, regarding the cream of beaten yolk, oil, and lemon juice as too heavy for the crisp, tender leaves."

"Lemon?" queried Mrs. Blaire, doubtfully.

"I never use vinegar in mayonnaise, and I have but one way of making it," was the reply. "No!" in answer to a woman from the outside of the room. "I certainly do not object to giving the recipe."

"Into a chilled soup plate drop the yolk of an egg drained free of all the white; squeeze upon it a teaspoonful of lemon juice and stir in with a silver fork until well mixed. Now add gradually a few drops of salad oil, stirring steadily. As the dressing thickens, add the oil more freely until you have used half a pint. Season with a dash of paprika, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of mustard."

"If you like a sour salad, add more lemon juice."

"What, then, do you call French dressing?" questioned Mrs. Blaire.

"I rub the inside of a bowl with a clove of garlic, and measure into a tablespoonful a scant teaspoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of white pepper, and double this quantity of salt. Then I pour in two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and rub the mixture until the salt, sugar, and pepper are dissolved, using a silver fork to do this. Turning the contents of the tablespoon into the bowl, I add five teaspoonfuls of salad oil and beat the mixture with a silver fork until it is as thick as cream. Sometimes I substitute finely minced chives for the garlic. Oil and vinegar and the bowl should be very cold before mixing."

"In making this and mayonnaise you always stir and beat in one direction, of course?"

"Mrs. Black said it judiciously, her pencil moving fast upon the last clause of the recipe just dictated."

"No; when one hand is tired, I take the other and stir in the opposite direction."

Every pencil stopped and every head was raised.

"Why?" uttered Mrs. Black. "From my youth up I have been told that if



WHEN ONE HAND IS TIRED



BEAT TO AN EMULSION

eggs were not beaten from first to last in the same direction they should liquidify—go back to their first estate."

"Try it!" said Mrs. Sterling, quietly. "My mother—a notable housewife—was ambidextrous, and from her practice and uniform success I learned the fallacy of the old belief—a superstition I incline to call it. I forced myself to use the cream in beating eggs until I could do it with ease. Before the invention of upright glass egg churns with whirling in the middle, I could whisk yolk to a thick cream, and white to a standing froth, in half the time needed by any of my cooks to accomplish the same end. They used to say I had 'the lucky touch.' The secret lay in my ability to use both hands. One would the other, as our grandmothers described alternate action."

"Are you sure—quite sure—that reversing the motion does not break the air cells—or empty them—or something else scientific?" persisted Mrs. Martin.

"I am certain we were taught that at school."

Mrs. Sterling touched the flushed cheek lightly with a laughing plump and smooth as her own daughter's.

"Try it, dear! I will make good the eggs you spoil in the experiment."

"And whipped cream? Don't tell us there are no cells and no fixed air—and all that in whipped cream! Leave us a kitchen myth or two!"

"Plenty of cells, my child, and fixed air in them; but you multiply, not destroy, them by reversing the motion. And apropos of whipped cream, here is a way of serving tomatoes with it which I believe to be my own invention."

"Carefully peel and halve ripe tomatoes and lay them on the ice for several hours. Transfer to a chilled platter, sprinkle with salt, garnish with lettuce leaves and put a great spoonful of whipped cream upon each tomato half."

"You cannot know how good it is until you have tasted it."

"And—a la la private secretary—'Oh, dry on know how to use lopped cream so as to bring delight out of disaster!'" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Have a cupful of rich, sour cream very cold, then beat hard for five minutes, adding, as you do so, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and a half teaspoonful of lemon juice. This dressing is delicious served with chilled cucumbers, sliced thin."

"Borrowing our Oracle's words—you cannot guess how delicious until you have tried—that is, eaten it after it is made."

March

Blustering March blows the whistle of morn.

In the world's busy factory of work, Then awake! Cut these out! To work task!

It is only the cowards that shirk.

All in nature's awake and astir, With the pulsing new life of the Spring.

Bid thy heart and thy mind now awake, And new life to thy chosen work bring!

—The Editor.

Commencement Presents.

EVERY young girl likes jewelry, and on the happy occasion of graduation there is no more suitable gift to make her than a dainty personal trinket or some novelty in pin, bracelet or chain.

Belt pins make impossible the untidy "missing connection" between waist and skirt. Charming novelties are those for the athletic girl, a fox head, with tiny diamond eyes, on a gold drop.

Other pretty styles are gold safety pins, either plain or studded with stones. The plain gold bands, bright or frosted, are always good.

What girl is not crazy over neck ornaments? The new La Valliere style, with gold chain and amethyst dangles, is most attractive.

Festoon chains have three or more dangles of amethyst or baroque pearls.

Garnets are in again. You can find nothing more becoming to a brunette than one of the new garnet necklaces with graduated star pendants.

The dog collars in antique, green-finished silver, studded in colored stones, are extremely stylish, especially over a dark gown. Not expensive, either.

The gate-top bracelet in links of plain and engraved silver, folds to the size of a ring and expands to fit any arm. Equally adjustable is the gold or silver serpent. It can be used as a necklace as well.

Pendants with amethyst centers surrounded by baroque pearls would delight any girl graduate.

Flower shirtwaist pins, in sets of three, in rose-finished gold or baroque pearl studdings, are worth considering.

Bangles never went out of favor with girls, and are more popular than ever. Now they are distinctly "the thing." The plain gold band is the best style.

Earrings are a relic of barbarism—a little better now than they are scorned on. The round or button pearls are the favorites.

For straying lovelocks, a barrette is indispensable. They come in rhinestones and pearls, closely set in silver, in walls-of-Troy and crescent shapes. Plain gold ones are still prettier.

Tortoise shell back and side combs are equally conducive to a "tidy" head. Sometimes they are inlaid with gold scrolls.

A young girl's heart is sure to be won either by a string of solid gold beads, or by a plain gold locket, cut with a monogram.

Convenient Closets.

For the woman whose closet and drawer space is meager, the little three-cornered cupboards, tucked away in odd corners, are a boon.

Under the stairs one of these "cupboards" can be built in such a way as to seem but a continuation of the stair line, yet roomy and just the place for the children's rubbers and such wandering things.

A little cupboard put up in a corner of the bathroom keeps fresh towels conveniently at hand, and provides a place for the apparently endless array of little things which otherwise crowd shelf or deep window sill or washstand.

Even the most amateurish of home carpenters can build well enough to turn out a very creditable little cupboard, which should be stained and varnished, or painted and enameled, to match the rest of the woodwork.

Into these odd corners odd bookcases are sometimes set—sometimes just a shelf or two, joined by a graceful little column of wood at the outer corners.

These "columns" can be "turned" at almost any carpenter shop, the cost being trifling.

For a room with white woodwork these shelf bookcases are particularly attractive.

One of these corner closets should be in your sewing room, whether or not you've a big, roomy closet already in it. The little things the sewing machine drawers refuse to hold may be transferred, and one shelf kept just for the necessary patterns, which catch in a drawer so easily.

ATTRACTIVE WAYS OF SERVING ICES



AFTER all, when the first warm days arrive, there's absolutely nothing that takes the place of ices when you want to serve some simple refreshments for informal and formal affairs alike.

Frozen fruits, served with a bit of the real fruit, seem just a little more delicious (and different, somehow) than without that bit to accentuate their character.

Double vanilla, as the French vanilla is often called, is delicious served with a sauce made from a fruit, or, in the older way, with a hot sauce which caramelizes on the cream as it cools.

The most tempting of these sauces is caramel sauce, with English or black walnuts (the English are best) chopped up—not too finely, however—in it.

There are more possibilities, for that matter, in vanilla cream than in any of the other flavors. Served with berries or with the cut-up fruit, in the usual way, it is always enjoyed. One simple variation of the stereotyped strawberries and cream is crushing the berries with sugar and serving them as a sort of fresh sauce.

Peaches, pears and stone fruits, may have the hollow left by the pit filled with the cream, the sides pressed together again, and served in little nests of cream or in whipped cream. The ice in the center is a little surprise that makes them even more toothsome.

Pineapple sliced and served with ice cream and whipped cream is not so frequently met with not to prove more of an innovation, and the pineapple cooked in its own syrup is as delicious when served with the cream.

Since café parfalt first made itself known, a dozen other parfalls have come out, strawberry parfalt perhaps best in season of any of them.

Flowers Are a Great Help.

Molds are too well known to need more than a word, but that should be about the serving of the little forms. Od favors come of paper twisted and made in many forms. An iris, for instance, with its stem and leaves complete, fits in with an ice of the shape of the blossom; or strawberries, molded of ice cream are served with real strawberries.

Molds to suit occasions are quickly got up, and are particularly appropriate for celebrations given by little clubs, with their emblems making the cream a surprise. Bees have tiny bees hovering over them—the fine wires upon which their bodies are balanced, stuck into the cream, letting them flutter in realistic fashion; or tiny flower baskets hold their tiny silk flowers. Japanese maidens may carry tiny folding parasols or fans, which are kept as favors.

And flowers prove a mint of suggestion for clever arranging. Those double cups, developed from grape fruit dishes, permit the introduction of little flowers between the two cups which carry out the flower scheme of the decoration charmingly. And around the stems of sherbet glasses may be dropped small blossoms, or an ice molded in the shape of a flower served apparently in a bed of foliage.

Sunset glasses has a rival in a glass very like the old Bohemian ware, as iridescent as a soap bubble. But this new kind is even more wonderful, and in different colorings come, each inclining (in the delicate hinting at color which characterizes it) toward the colors of the rainbow. The roses oftenest caught in one, emerging in another, and so on, with nothing really definite and tangible enough to make it assertive.

A Development of Sunset Glass

A Wild-Flower Setting



In a Frame of Blossoms

The Housemothers' Exchange

"HONEST confession is good for the soul!" I was somewhat skeptical about "hay stoves" and had promised myself to try them, but not having the hay hand kept putting off the experiment until I read in "Our Column" that paper could be used as well as hay. Next day I tried it. I have a home-made upholstered stocking box 10x16x16 inches, in which I concluded to make my experiment.

First, I placed a row of stockings all around the bottom edge of the box, then I lined the four sides of the box with newspapers. I tore up soft newspapers to fill the center. I put my ham and beans in that "nest" at 8 o'clock a. m., after boiling over the gas range for ten minutes. I covered it up well with paper, put down lid and placed a pillow on top. I could hardly wait until lunch time to open it—I was so curious.

We lunched at 1 p. m. When I opened the box I found the meat the most delicious I ever ate, but the beans not quite done, and as I had too much water on them, next day I put them back in the "paper stove" and had bean soup. I have become such a convert to the "fireless cooker" that I have made one, and anticipate a great saving in gas this summer.

Now, may I offer, for the common good, a few practical suggestions?

1. When cutting buttonholes, place a cork under the material to be cut and run the point of the scissors into the cork, thereby saving your fingers from possible cuts.

2. Try darning with fine worsted instead of cotton, and see how much softer it is to the foot. To thread an ordinary sewing needle with worsted take a very little cotton and twist or roll on the end of the worsted between thumb and finger. It forms a cotton thread and is easily put through the needle.

Mrs. C. E. A. (Chicago).

The tale of your experience with the "self-cooker" is well told and timely. Send us more brief, "practical" suggestions.

Scrape the Paint Off.

1. When we moved into our new home we painted the ceilings of our rooms, but new we wish to paper them and can't do it. The paper won't stick to the

painted surface. Will you please tell me how to remedy this?

2. Also how to dress a baby during its second summer. —MRS. P. N.

1. I had a like experience some years ago. The paper "crawled" from the painted walls over night and lay in heaps on the floor in the morning. I had the paint scraped off to make a rough surface to which the paper would

2. Shorten the baby's frocks until they just clear the restless little feet. Put on stockings that come to the knee and are there made fast with safety pins to the short drawers. The shoes must be large and soft.

Makes Helpers of Her Boys.

I would like to give just one "item" if you have room for it.

I have three little lads, eight, seven and three years old, and as I do all my housework and my sewing, I am naturally obliged to press the two older into service. They wash and wipe dishes every day, and to keep their clothes clean I have each of them two "work aprons," as they call them. I bought overall goods—two and a half yards of the 125-cent quality. This, with two bolts of black tape, made four aprons. The selvaie forms the top and bottom of the apron. They are most useful, and the boys really like to wear them.

I wonder how many housekeepers know what a labor-saving device a chamols skin is? I use it for window washing (no rags, no lint), furniture and what not.

B. R. (Champaign, Ill.).

Your daughters-in-law that are-to-be will be your debtors. "A handy man" in the house is a well-spring of comfort. I have in my mind three fine fellows, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen, who, the other day, when the maid-of-all-work had left, and the weary mother, having gone to bed overnight with a sick headache, slept later than usual, got themselves quietly out of bed at break of day and had breakfast ready before she awoke, setting the table neatly, cooking cereal, bacon and eggs, toasting bread and making, as the mother told me with happy moisture in her eyes, "the most delicious coffee she ever tasted."

There is neither sense nor kindness in

bringing boys up in the belief that they are to do nothing at home except to be waited on, and ministered to by mothers and sisters.

For Cleaning Spots.

I take this opportunity to ask you to give me, through your paper, the best formula you have for cleaning and taking spots out of clothes. —J. C. A.

To equal parts of ether and alcohol, add household ammonia in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a quart of the mixture. This is an excellent cleanser. For very dirty woollen and heavy cloth garments you may stir and shake into the above a quarter part of gasoline.

In all cases, brush and beat out the dust before applying the cleanser. Unless this is done, mud is made and spread over the stuff.

For Moths and Bedbugs.

"They" will come with the warmer weather; and they must be met and fought. Happy she who wins in the conflict! Our next writer hails them undauntedly:

Spirits of turpentine applied very freely with a 5-cent paint brush to all crevices, edges of baseboards, window, and door casings—anywhere that a wise bedbug would seek a hiding place—will cause each and all to "fold their tents as the Arabs and, as silently steal away." If they have already taken lodgings with expectation of board in furniture, of if you are moving into a building where they may possibly have an earlier claim, just paint every bit of your bedsteads and other furniture with-out missing any spot, with brush and turpentine, also upholstering and mattresses around edges and tufting. This, after freeing from all dust and dirt.

Two years ago, when housecleaning, I found many moths in parlor chairs, closets, boxes—almost everywhere. After thorough dusting and cleaning, turpentine was applied freely to edges of upholstery, all seams in boxes, bureau drawers, and closets, and no moth has ever been seen here since. Bugs will not for years after, so where turpentine has been applied. Mosquitoes will not trouble you if you paint the headboard with it. —THOROUGH.